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LASALVARIETTA;

OR,

THE FEMALE PATRIOT.

A Tragedy, in Five Acts.

BY

MRS. L. A. MUNDAY.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, COSTUMES, RELATIVE
POSITIONS, ETC.

CINCINNATI:

Elm Street Printing Company, Nos. 176 and 178 Elm Street.

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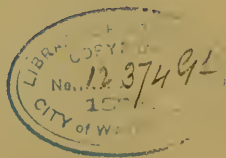
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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by

MRS. L. A. MUNDAY,

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIMON BOLIVAR—Commanding South American Army.

DON ALMAGRO DE ALVAREZ—A distinguished nobleman.

CAPTAIN MOULTON—A young North American.

DE ELUYER,	}	Officers of South American Army.
MARANDA,		
JARARDOT,		
UDENETA,		
PAEZ,		
DELANO,		

SEBASTIAN,	}	Servants at the Mountain Castle.
LOPEZ,		

PRIEST, at the Mountain Castle.

DON DIEGO DE MORILLO—The Spanish General.

ZERLINO,	}	Spanish Officers.
CARRANNO,		

LASALVARIETTA—Daughter of Don Alvarez.

Two servant maids at the Castle Alvarez.

VALLETTA—A Spanish Duenna.

CAVALIER—A Spanish Youth.

Priests, Officers, Citizens, and Soldiers.

COSTUMES, MALES.

GENERAL BOLIVAR—Pantaloon, white and gold; vest, scarlet and gold; mantle, green and gold; boots, russet and green tops; black hat and plumes; sword and gauntlets.

DON ALVAREZ—Pantaloon, black velvet and gold; vest, white and gold; mantle, black velvet and gold; black boots, with russet tops; black hat and plumes; gauntlets.

CAPTAIN MOULTON—Navy blue uniform; crimson sash; navy hat and plumes.

DE ELUYER—Pantaloon, purple and gold; vest, white and gold; mantle, crimson and gold; russet boots and green tops; black hat and plumes.

PAEZ—Pantaloon, green and gold; vest, crimson and gold; mantle green and gold; black hat and white plumes.

DELANO—Pantaloon, white and gold; mantle, purple and gold; vest, scarlet and gold; scarlet boots, with green tops; black hat, with scarlet plumes; sword and gauntlets.

MARANDA, } Vests, white or scarlet and gold; pantaloons and mantles
JARARDOT, } similar to the above; black boots, with gay tops; hats
UDENETA, } and plumes; swords and gauntlets.

PRIEST—White surplice.

GENERAL MORILLO—Scarlet and gold uniform, with mantle; scarlet hat and white plumes; scarlet boots, with gold tops and spurs; sword and gauntlets.

ZERLINO, } Vests of white and gold, with scarlet uniforms; hats and
CARRANNO, } plumes; swords and gauntlets.

SPANISH SOLDIERS—Scarlet uniforms, slashed with white and gold.

VENEZUELAN SOLDIERS—White and scarlet uniforms.

LOPEZ, }
SEBASTIAN, } Blue or buff material, slashed with black velvet.

SPANISH CAVALIER—Spanish uniform, with hat and plumes, boots and gauntlets.

COSTUMES, FEMALES.

LASALVARIETTA—White silk dress and train, silver trimming; white lace overdress; skirt looped up with emeralds; flowing lace sleeves, looped up at the shoulders with emerald clasp; scarf of crape de lis-spangled; light-colored slippers or gaiters; hair curled and trimmed with a tiara of diamonds; bracelets and necklace.

DUENNA, }
SERVANT-MAIDS, } Gray or brown material, slashed with black.

LASALVARIETTA;

OR,

THE FEMALE PATRIOT.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

A street in a village of New Granada; citizens passing to and fro; enter two citizens. L.

First citizen (looking over some papers).—"What an execrable wretch is that Spanish General Morillo."

Second citizen.—"An incarnate fiend."

First citizen.—"No age, sex, or condition are exempt from the revolting barbarity of this demon of blood! the rack, the sword, and the fagot are the common engines of torture"

Second citizen.—"We are hunted down like wild beasts, burnt alive in thickets and fastnesses; every species of atrocity that the human heart, in the infinitude of utter wickedness, ever conceived is put in requisition to harass this persecuted and harmless people."

First citizen.—"Language is inadequate to delineate the character of this petty tyrant, who seems to take delight in surpassing his predecessor, Monteverdo, in degrees of fiendish cruelty."

Second citizen.—"True; and among those who are the principal objects of his hatred and mercenary ambition are those distinguished for their civil or military talents, opulence and influence; his chief intention being to annihilate the leading and most efficient noblemen of the provinces, which would aggrandize himself by a confiscation of their possessions, and which would be equally divided between the spoiler and the Spanish crown."

First citizen.—"Just so; and I learn that one of the prominent objects of his animosity is found in the person of our distinguished nobleman, Don Almagro De Alvarez, of the Mountain Castle, long noted for his inflexible adherence to justice, and his persevering ardor in the cause of his country's liberty."

Enter Third Citizen, R.

Third citizen.—"Good-morrow, friends. What news?"

First citizen.—"The news is gloomy and most unwelcome."

Third citizen.—"Why, what has happened? Anything concerning our common cause?"

First citizen.—"Yes, General Bolivar is at length defeated by the Royalists."

Third citizen.—"What, after a succession of such brilliant victories?"

First citizen.—"Yes, and compelled to retreat with the shattered remnant of his army, while the Spanish troops are again masters of the beautiful provinces of Carraccas and Venezuela."

Third citizen.—"That is truly most disheartening news; and what is the fate of our noble commander?"

First citizen.—"He is a fugitive in Carthagenia."

Second citizen.—"Is not their Congress sitting?"

Third citizen.—"It is, and I trust, notwithstanding his disasters, he will receive all the grateful applause due to one who is only in need of means equal to his abilities to permanently deliver our beloved country from the hands of its oppressors." (noise heard without.) A voice:

"Fly, father, fly for your life." (An old man rushes in, R., face covered with blood.)

First citizen.—"Good heavens! who have we here?"

Second citizen.—"And covered with blood."

(They support him and wipe the blood from his face; third citizen brings a rustic seat; the old man sits.)

Old man.—"Yes, blood it is—blood, blood, blood; that is the hue of the hour, and I am quite in the mode."

Third citizen.—"Why, how did this happen?"

Old man (more fatigued).—"A little draught of water." (Second citizen brings a cup of water; the old man drinks.) "There, now I can breathe a little." "Crossing the adjoining plains, in company with some of our citizens, we were pursued and attacked by a party of Spanish soldiers; they demanded money and all valuables about our persons; of course, we stoutly refused, a sharp contest ensued, as we were armed; some fell from loss of blood, and two of our party were killed outright."

Third citizen.—"And how did you effect your escape? Spanish soldiers are not famed for magnanimity or mercy."

Old man.—"No, not they, my aged friends; these gray locks were my defense. I was kept in the rear by the younger members of the party, until I evaded them and made my escape, lying in ambush in a copse of woods near by, until I had placed its friendly shades between the deadly foe and me."

First citizen.—"How is it that they did not pursue you?"

Old man.—"And but for my brave son, whose stout arm kept the enemy at bay, I should have fallen a victim to the Spanish sword."

Second citizen.—"Your son, and who may he be?"

Old man.—"Officer Paez—poor boy—I fear he may be slain."

Third citizen.—"Paez, the gallant Paez."

Old man.—"Aye, gentlemen, and but for my valiant son they would have taken this poor life; but there is one thing, friends, of which they can not rob me."

Second citizen.—"What is that?"

Old man.—"My loyalty; they never can take *that* from *this* bosom. True to my country and my God."

Citizens.—"A noble sentiment."

Old man.—"I'm very tired; it is growing dark. Come, friends, let us go in." (They lead him in through center door, citizens following.) End of Scene 1.

SCENE 2.

The city De Bogota in the distance; the river winding over the plain; Falls of Lequendema, descending at two bounds; the tall mountains; their very peaks in the fiery glory of the setting sun seem fused in molten gold; woody slopes; vistas filled with flowers; birds of gay plumage; the scene one of gorgeous magnificence and splendor; the Mountain Castle looms up among inaccessible rocks and cliffs on the left; Moulton discovered in the balcony of the Castle.

Captain Moulton.—"The very air is balm, and but for the dread tocsin of war which invades these holy solitudes of nature, it would seem an elysium of bliss. But alas, the war-cry is on the breeze. To arms! to arms! is re-echoed from mountain to valley; the banner of Morillo already floats from the summit of Puerto Cabello; and while I am wrapt with the soft enchantments of this, my sister home-land, bland, sweet South America, can I remain a silent and uninterested observer? Contemplating this fair perspective, my heart burns with honest pride that they, too, are Americans; their glorious and God-gifted land is the birthplace of the free, of hearts as good and true, as brave and valiant, as ever palpitated in human bosoms or bore a victor's triumph; and then, oh, sad reversion of thought! how should our hearts be turned to wormwood at the approach of a ruthless and uncompromising spoiler, who would desolate this fair land, sack and destroy its opulent cities and quiet hamlets, turn to dust its sacred fanes and desecrate her altars, change her peaceful dwellings into places for human shambles, and turn her stately palaces into houses of distress, would strew these hills and valleys with carcasses of the slain, and turn her rivers to blood, her luxuriant abodes to dens of pestilence and famine."

(Suddenly a strain of melody is heard; a female voice, accompanied by a guitar, pours forth the deep pathos of the soul.)

SONG.

Oh could I rescue thee,
I'd lay me down in death;
And I would bless thee, oh, my country,
With my parting breath.

Moulton listens with intense interest, then rises and retires.

SCENE 3.

Same as part of scene second. The castle in the background; Lasalvarietta, having lain aside her guitar, is discovered standing in an attitude of devotion, amid a rich trellis work of flowers and shrubbery; seems in deep despondency and grief.

Lasalvarietta.—"O devoted, unhappy Venezuela! is there none to rescue thee?"

Moulton enters L. U. E., advances down L., threading his way through the shrubbery.

Captain Moulton.—"Forgive, gentle lady, the intrusion of one who to yourself is comparatively a stranger, but not to your generous hospitality or the wrongs of your oppressed people; and I now come to tender my services, and my life, if necessary, in behalf of this devoted land."

Lasalvarietta.—"Generous stranger, I trust that the prayers of homeless orphans and helpless widows will not ascend to heaven unheard, or that the blood of their fathers has been shed in vain; the red bolt of vengeance will not always sleep" (*Lasalvarietta advances to center*); "but you, perhaps, are sent as an earnest from heaven to show that justice is at hand."

Captain Moulton.—"Surely, so just a cause can not but be successful, while Venezuela boasts of such loyal men as General Bolivar and your noble father."

Lasalvarietta.—"Alas, methinks I hear a voice from the dead crying aloud for justice, and, as it were, the pale shades of our slaughtered countrymen seem stalking among us, whose warm and magnanimous hearts poured forth their life-blood to shield their homes and country. These are still unredressed."

Moulton advancing left center.

Captain Moulton.—"Do not despond; already the sturdy arm of justice is raised, her flaming sword unsheathed, and the shrill clarion of war is on the breeze, impelling us onward to the field of battle, there to fight for liberty, which now lies bleeding beneath the blood-stained yoke of tyranny."

Lasalvarietta, C.—"Ever hallowed be that arm now raised in freedmen's cause. Come, let us go in."

Moulton takes her hand and walks up the stage and exit through castle door.

SCENE 4.

Castle hall; arms, flags, banners and accouterments of war; a table in the center; officers and military chieftains assembled; Don Alvarez at back of table; Officers Paez, Maranda and Jarardot on the right; Udeneta, De Eluyer and others on the left; some writing papers and various documents on the table.

Officer Paez.—"The exigencies of the case demand a fearful remedy."

Udeneta.—"And a swift one."

Don Alvarez.—"Yes, friends, promptness and decision are the life of war, and he who would wear the victor's crown must act; great deeds are but the lineaments of the soul that wrought them."

De Eluyer.—"By the by, Don Alvraez, who is that youthful guest, the recipient of your hospitality and kindness?"

Don Alvarez.—"He is a young North American, who, in the spirit of adventure, sought the soft enchantments of our sunny South-land."

Jarardot.—"A comely and most gallant looking youth. What are his views respecting the position of affairs in South America?"

Udeneta.—"I should think he would find himself occupying a rather critical position, perceiving, of course, that he must espouse the cause of the Liberator or the Spanish crown."

Don Alvarez.—"I entertain no doubt in regard to his sentiments. Reared amidst a free and happy people, he still preserves all his enthusiastic veneration for the institutions of his native land, all his fervent love of liberty; by the by he is coming" (Don Alvarez looking off left). "Ah, that is right, Captain Moulton, we shall be happy to have you join us in our deliberations." (Enter Moulton, R.; they all rise from the table. Don Alvarez presents Moulton to the company.) "Friends, allow me to present my worthy guest, Captain Moulton, of the United States of North America." (Moulton bows.)

De Eluyer.—"Captain Moulton, while we give you welcome greetings it affords us unfeigned satisfaction to recognize in you, in these our days of trouble, a friend to justice and truth."

Captain Moulton.—"Thank you, gentlemen; I hope ever to be found on the side of justice and truth, and an undaunted champion of liberty. I have thought of the times that tried men's souls in my own beloved country, of the generous interference of La Fayette in our behalf; and when I contemplate the appalling scenes of horrors that are being enacted around me, I feel that I can no longer remain an inactive observer; therefore, allow me to tender my services, and my life, if necessary, in behalf of your oppressed people."

Don Alvarez.—"Thank you, noble youth; there's not a soul possessing one spark of patriotic fire that would not respond in gratitude for services so generously offered."

Udeneta.—"It affords us double satisfaction to meet with an advocate of those principles that secure to humanity the highest blessings that a nation can enjoy."

Captain Moulton.—"Gentlemen, I feel the hour, and if there is one drop of valor in these veins, one spark of old ancestral fire in my soul, I am resolved to fight the battles of freedom in the just defense of the rights of man."

Officer Paez.—"Bravely spoken, and worthy of a son of liberty" (Paez advances and takes Moulton by the hand); "and here's a hand that you can dare to clasp, while you retain a silent tongue, an at-

tentive ear, and a faithful breast." (Moulton, in silent emotion, still clasps his hand with a heart-assuring grip.)

Captain Moulton.—"May I never prove recreant to the ties of brotherhood and the heaven-given cause; but, brethren, what steps do you propose to take to exterminate the enemy?"

Jarardot.—"We are awaiting the decision of Congress in regard to our next movement."

Bugle sounds without.

Enter Sebastian, R., bowing, "Eccellenza, a messenger from General Bolivar."

Don Alvarez.—"Ah, most welcome tidings. Attend him in, Sebastian."

Sebastian.—"This way, gentlemen." (Bows and exit R.)

(Don Alvarez, advancing to the right, takes Delano by the hand. A warm greeting all around.)

Don Alvarez.—"Most welcome, gentlemen; allow me to present Captain Moulton, of the United States of North America." (They exchange salutations.)

Delano.—"A message from General Bolivar" (presenting papers to Don Alvarez).

Don Alvarez.—"Thanks for the fulfillment of our prayers." (He advances to the footlights and looks over the documents. Delano and others pass around to the back of the table.) "Friends, we have something here of great moment, a harbinger undoubtedly of our country's weal, or woe." (Don Alvarez reads; they all listen attentively.)

ISLAND OF MARGARETTA, DEC. 10,
HEADQUARTERS OF THE S. A. ARMY. }

GENERAL DON ALMAGRO DE ALVAREZ,
MOUNTAIN CASTLE, VENEZUELA:

Morillo is again overrunning New Granada and Carthagena, which compelled me to fly to a place of greater safety. I arrived here Dec. 1st, where having raised a standard of independence, I have issued a proclamation convoking the representatives of the United Provinces, in order to adopt the most efficient measures for resisting Morillo, already elated with recent victories, and who is now rapidly advancing with a powerful army. Inform me, at the earliest possible moment, how our cause prospers in Venezuela; pertaining to measures adopted raising additional troops, arms and equipments for the extermination of the enemy. Let us rally all our strength. One struggle more, God willing, and we will be free.

[Signed,]

SIMON BOLIVAR,

General-in-Chief commanding South American Army, Island Margareta.

Don Alvarez.—"Friends, there's no time to be lost. Our duty is to obey orders instantly; we'll take a parting glass, and then to follow the fortunes of our leader through the vicissitudes of war." (Rings bell; enter Lopez, L.)

"Lopez, bring wine; our guests need refreshment. (Lopez bows; exit L.) "As Captain Moulton so generously tenders his services in this our greatest hour of need, we will gratefully accept them, and

commission him and Officer Paez, Maranda and Jarardot to bear certain important communications to General Bolivar. (They bow.)

Jarardot.—Command us. We are ever ready to act in obedience to our country's call.

(Enter Lopez and Sebastian, left, with waiters, decanters and goblets; they set the glasses round; waiter in center of table; exit Lopez and Sebastian L.)

Don Alvarez, (at back of table).—"Come, friends, let us partake of a parting glass of friendship's wine." (They sit at table, Captain Moulton sits left; Don Alvarez sets decanters around and pours wine.) "Here's to the fortunes of our noble leader, and freedom's sacred cause" (All. "Amen." They lift their glasses and drink.)

Maranda.—"Here's to the sacred ties of home and friends." (They tip their glasses.)

Jarardot.—"Now let's drink to the happiness of our hospitable host." (They lift their glasses.)

Paez.—"A heart-warm draught to the ties of brotherhood."

All.—"Amen." (They raise their glasses and quaff.)

Captain Moulton.—"Here's to the gentle Donna Lasalvarietta." (They all look pleased.)

Don Alvarez.—"Thank you, Captain Moulton." (As they raise their glasses, entered Lasalvarietta R.)

Lasalvarietta.—"Good-morrow friends." (They rise and bow.)

De Eluyer.—"Ah! Donna Lasalvarietta, just in time. We were drinking your good health, lady."

Lasalvarietta.—"And pray who suggested that piece of gallantry?"

Maranda.—"Your worthy guest, Captain Moulton." (Moulton notices her with much interest.)

Lasalvarietta.—"I am indeed happy to be the recipient of so courteous a favor." (She looks at Moulton; he smiles and gently bows.)

Udeneta.—"And now the toast."

Lasalvarietta.—"But are you not quite convivial considering the times."

Don Alvarez (with sadness).—"Only a parting glass, my daughter, for various are the vicissitudes of war, and when old friends part in melancholy days like these, they may never meet again." (Lasalvarietta clasps her hands upon her breast in silent emotion.)

Udeneta.—"Once more we'll pledge the parting glass, and then to duty."

All.—"Yes, yes, the toast."

Lasalvarietta.—"Stay, let me name it."

Captain Moulton.—"Your pleasure, lady."

Lasalvarietta (lifting both hands above her head).—"Venezuela must and shall be free."

Captain Moulton.—"Amen." (All applaud and quaff.)

Don Alvarez.—"Here are the papers, brothers; you will bear them

to one whose hallowed arm is even ready to be upraised in the sacred cause of humanity and his country's liberty.

1 / *Captain Moulton*.—"Here is a letter you'll please deliver in person to General Bolivar."

Captain Moulton bows.—"Thank you."

Don Alvarez.—"And now a parting word. Swear by all that you hold sacred upon earth, before high heaven, if prospered by the God of battles, to extirpate the heartless Morillo, or immolate yourselves upon the altars of your country now reeking with the blood of thousands."

(They all lift up their right hand, facing the audience; Lasalvarietta with her hands clasped upon her breast.)

All.—"We swear." Curtain falls; martial music.

SCENE 5.

A pantomime; mountain scenery similar to Scene 2; Lasalvarietta discovered in an attitude of regret, looking from the balcony of the castle upon the receding forms of Moulton and the Commissioners and soldiers winding their way among wild rocks and dark ravins. Martial music; curtain falls slowly. End of Act I.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

A distant city on fire; citizens flying in every direction, seeking refuge in the woods and caves; Spanish soldiers in pursuit; enter Officer Carranno, followed by Zerlino, a subordinate, through the woods, R. U. E. Carranno coming down R.

Carranno.—"Santa Christa! but that was heavy business. I tell you, Zerlino, we have accomplished a rich day's work."

Zerlino.—"Si, Senior, a fine acquisition for the crown of Spain. (Crosses to left.)

Carranno.—"And which none but Spanish soldiers know how to achieve."

Zerlino.—"Gracia, Eccellenza."

Carranno.—(Retires back, and looks L.)—"Look you, I think I can discover the outlines of some dark object moving along the narrow defile of yonder distant mountain."

Zerlino (steps back) L. C., takes out spy-glass; looks L.—"Jesu Marie."

Carranno.—"What do you make it?"

Zerlino.—"As I'm a Catholic, it is a body of Venezuelan soldiers."

Carranno.—"Ah, ha! now is the time for promotion."

Zerlino.—"Yes, but I don't much like the idea of making their acquaintance."

Carranno.—"Why so?" (Comes down R.)

Zerlino.—"Venezuelan soldiers will fight."

Carranno.—"Fight! will they?"

Zerlino.—"Yes, they will fight like the devil."

Carranno.—"Never let it be said that a civilized Spanish soldier can be intimidated by a Venezuelan savage; come, call up your men."

(*Zerlino* flourishes trumpet; in an instant a body of Spaniards issue from the woods, on the R. At the signal of *Zerlino* they form a line facing the audience.)

First soldier.—"What's the order?"

Second soldier.—"Oh; a little amusement and a good deal of powder."

First soldier chuckles and laughs.

Carranno (steps back and points L.)—"Along the summit of yonder mountain moves a body of Venezuelan troops; pursue and take them; Spaniards, you know your duty; you likewise know the invincible character of your commander, Don Diego De Morillo; you well remember how he disposes of those who are so unfortunate as to incur his displeasure, and how he rewards those who suit him best, and now a rouser for the crown of Spain." (They all lift their hats and shout, "Vive La Corona de Spana.")

SCENE 2.

Spanish camp, rocks, woods and mountains in the distance. Morillo's pavilion in front; arms stacked; officers and soldiers amusing themselves with various games; Morillo reclining upon a decorated couch; three officers sitting around a small table engaged in some amusing game.

First officer.—"Caballeros, ¿Yuiere V. un cigarro?" (Passes cigars.) 2

Second officer.—"Si caballeros."

Third officer.—"¿Yuiere V un poco vino?" (Pours wine.) 2

First officer.—"Gracias caballeros." (They tip their glasses.)

All.—"Vive La Corona de Spana."

Bugle sounds without; Morillo rises to his feet; enter R.

Carranno and Zerlino.—"General Morillo, we beg leave to report two cities sacked and burned, together with numberless spoils taken, arms and equipments of war; also a body of Venezulean soldiers attacked and routed, three officers captured and a young North American."

Morillo.—"Ah! ah! my brave fellows; this is most felicitous tidings and adds augmented luster to your laurels, and new spoils and trophies to our already enriched possessions; but who are the prisoners?"

Carranno.—"Eccellenza, we are most happy to announce Officers Maranda, Paez and Jarardot."

Morillo.—"Most excellent and propitious hour, how very fortunate, just on the very onset of battle, Venezuela has lost her strong arm. I tell you, my brave fellows, you shall be promoted."

Zerlino and Carranno (bowing R.).—"Gracias Eccellenza."

Morillo.—"A young North American, did you say?"

Zerlino.—"Si, Senior."

Morillo.—"A love-sick youth no doubt, whose dreams are fraught with poetry and romance; bring him in. As for the others, bind them in chains and surround them by a strong guard."

Exit Zerlino and Carranno, R.

Morillo walking to and fro.—"Well, well, here's food for vengeance in which the direst hate could find the sweetest morsel.

(Bugle sounds. Enter *Zerlino* and *Carranno* with *Moulton*, R.)

Carranno (saluting *Morillo*).—"General *Morillo*, the prisoner.

General Morillo.—"Ah! an officer of the United States of North America, I perceive. (Captain *Moulton* bows in silence.) "Well, sir, tell us by what strange delusion, or magnetism of the mind, you have been induced to take up arms in a foreign land against a transatlantic nation?"

Captain Moulton.—"I have not taken up arms in a foreign land against a transatlantic nation" (proudly); "I am an American; this fair land is my sister home-land. I have no quarrel with the powers of Spain."

General Morillo.—"Wherefore were you found in arms equipped for war with the deadliest foe that ever drew the sword against the armies of our king?"

Captain Moulton.—"It is the love of liberty, justice and truth that has impelled me to espouse the cause of this oppressed people."

General Morillo.—"Ah, what magnanimity! It may cause thee thy death."

Captain Moulton.—"Nothing more."

General Morillo.—"Do you know that these provinces are in rebellion against the king?"

Captain Moulton.—"It is not against the king, nor the armies of Spain, that this fair land has called forth her legions from mountain to valley."

General Morillo.—"Ah! what then?"

Captain Moulton.—"It is in self-defense. They wish no war, nor seek to provoke hostility. They desire peace, prosperity, and happiness, that glorious trio that ever follows in the train of liberty."

General Morillo.—"Ah! bah! enthusiastic youth. Let me tell you that this idea of liberty is but the chimera of some brain-born dream, the pet idea of some wild enthusiastic sophist. Structures of government require a more substantial basis than is found in the heterogeneous sovereignties of a republic."

Captain Moulton.—"Where is there a more happy people than those capable of self-government? Where is there a more intelligent and prosperous people than those dwelling under the genial influences of a republic?"

General Morillo.—"It will require the test of time to solve the problem of self-government. For my part, I am satisfied to act in the

service of my king, and abide by the mandates of the scepter and the crown. Neither have I time to deal with the subtleties of philosophy, investigate new systems of government, or look over the rhetoric of the past; and, in obedience to the order of my king, to punish all demonstrations of hostility to the crown, I should find it my duty to mete out the required punishment upon you, for the circumstances under which you were found, but as there is no unfriendly feeling between the United States and Spain, we shall feel inclined to extend to you a most element and amicable proposition; that is, if you will renounce this useless infatuation of the mind, which you call liberty, and turn your sword against these wild deluded savages, not only life and happiness, but wealth and treasures, shall be thine."

Captain Moulton.—"Renounce my love of liberty, that priceless boon of heaven? Never, General Morillo, never! that peerless jewel in the crown of being that *all* the world's too poor buy."

General Morillo.—"Ah! ha! rash youth, remember that you are my captive."

Captain Moulton.—"I am your captive; but I am *not* your slave."

General Morillo (to Carranno and Zerlino).—"Lead on, and leave him with the other prisoners, and be sure you provide a strong guard; we will give him thirty-six hours for reflection; we are decisive; we truly hope he will gain wisdom, and think better of our proposition, and, as he is a citizen of the United States, we will extend him the courtesy of retaining his sword. As for me, I have duties at the fortress." (Exeunt Carranno and Zerlino with Captain Moulton, R. Exit General Morillo, R. U. E. Bugle sounds without. Exeunt a party of officers and soldiers. Curtain falls.)

SCENE 3.

An apartment in the castle; enter Lopez and Sebastian, L.

Lopez, R.—"Did I understand you to say, Sebastian, that our good master and his noble guests were to take their departure from the castle to-day?"

Sebastian.—"Yes, they go to join the Liberator at Margareta."

Lopez.—"I suppose all the military strength of the provinces will be concentrated there, in order to make one grand struggle to rescue us from the hands of the tyrant."

Sebastian.—"Heaven help and prosper them. I fear they will have a perilous journey."

Lopez.—"These are days of peril. There's no safety anywhere from the encroachments of the foe."

Sebastian.—"But what of our young lady, Donna Lasalvarietta? Will she not fear to remain in so insecure and unprotected a condition, since the guards and soldiers are removed?"

Lopez.—"Oh, she has a brave young heart, a model for a soldier."

Sebastian.—"True, she ought to have been a soldier. I never saw her shed a tear in all my life"

Lopez—"There are some deep natures, who never weep, however intense their feelings."

Sebastian.—"Well, I can't judge for other folks but it sometimes does me a good deal of good to blubber a little"

Lopez.—"Tears are a relief to the surcharged heart, but she is of a heroic and philosophic nature. From earliest infancy the companion of her father, and a participant in all his councils and deliberations, her warm young heart, like a rich harp, was tuned in unison with his own lofty nature."

Sebastian.—"Yet she is all gentleness and love, and for pity her heart is ever overflowing."

Lopez.—"There's not a soul in all the country round, whose walks are cast in poverty's low vale, who has not been a recipient of her charity. Her heart is filled with good and noble impulses, ever ready to relieve the distressed, and to comfort the despairing, and protect the injured and the innocent."

Sebastian.—"And for her country's sake I do believe she would lay down her life. By the way, Lopez, that reminds me of the gallant young North American. What a fine gentleman he is, and somewhat interested in our young lady too, judging from outward signs, though, perhaps, it's mutual. Think you our young mistress is in love?"

Lopez.—"After the fashion of the world, 'no.'"

Sebastian.—"Well, for my part, I can't help thinking but what she is somewhat interested. He is such a handsome young fellow." (Bell rings.)

Lopez.—"There's our master's bell, come, let us be off." (Exeunt L.)

SCENE 4.

Castle Hall; enter Don Alvarez, Udeneta, and others, R.

Don Alvarez.—"Strange, most strange, this long unbroken silence."—(Crosses L.)

Udeneta.—"Some mishap must have befallen them."

Don Alvarez.—"Ah, I fear the worst. I had fondly hoped, that with the number of their escort, Heaven would vouchsafe to them a safe and speedy arrival at the camp." (Walks to and fro.)

Enter De Eluyer, L.

De Eluyer.—"Ah, friends, any intelligence from Margaretta?"

Udeneta.—"None whatever."

First officer.—"Nor the commission or Captain Moulton? Have you no communications from them?"

Second officer.—"Captured by some marauding band of Spanish

soldiers, no doubt; thus intercepting our intelligence, and cutting off our communications."

Udeneta.—"Quite likely, and with that view of the case, I do not feel like brooking this state of inertia much longer."

Don Alvarez.—"No, no" (coming down C.); "the circumstances demand immediate action. Surrounded by perils, the distracted condition of our country, and the almost insupportable suspense in regard to the fate of Captain Moulton and the mission, are circumstances not to be disregarded."

Udeneta.—"True, and I deem it in accordance with the voice of duty to set out at once for Margaretta."

Don Alvarez (stepping forward).—"Udeneta, I am with you; although the touch of time has left its frost upon these locks, its pallor on my cheeks, bleached these veins, and quenched the fires of enthusiastic youth, yet there's an impulse in my inmost soul, that naught save death can deaden or destroy. It prompts me at this perilous hour to seek the field of battle, and there with my devoted people to lift my arm, however feeble, in the all-hallowed cause of my country's liberty."

First officer.—"It would require a greater degree of stoicism than I possess to remain any longer in this *in statu quo* condition."

Second officer.—"The present crisis in the affairs of our country calls for immediate action. Come, let us be off. My sword leaps in its scabbard to avenge the wrongs of my slaughtered countrymen." (Enter Lasalvarietta, R. U. E. Comes down to her father. B. C. Courtesying to the company, they bow.)

Lasalvarietta.—"Father, is it true that you talk of leaving us to-day?"

Don Alvarez.—"Yes, my child. I go to join the Liberator, and there learn, if possible, the fate of Captain Moulton and the mission."

Lasalvarietta.—"You, father?"

Don Alvarez.—"Venezuela demands it—our country calls—and while our people's wrongs are unredressed, I can no longer remain indifferent and inactive. No, my child, I must leave you in the holy keeping of *that Power*, that ever protects the innocent and the brave."

Lasalvarietta.—"Oh! but the jaws of peril are open at every step, and the foe is merciless; think of your age, father; how can you expect to cope with the deadly enemy in arms?"

Don Alvarez.—"Talk not to me of that, my daughter. When duty calls the soldier to the field, there's no more potent voice that should command his actions."

Lasalvarietta.—"Father, you rush to certain death."

Don Alvarez.—"What matter; with me life's sands are almost run—its changeful day will soon be passed. Even now the evening shades are near; if by the sacrifice of my poor life I can advance my country's cause, then can I say, I have not lived in vain, and

die without regret." (During the conversation between Don Alvarez and his daughter, the officers retire to a table and seem to be looking over papers and writing.)

Don Alvarez walks left.—"What ho, Sebastian!"

Enter Sebastian, L.

Don Alvarez.—"Is all ready without?"

Sebastian.—"Yes, Excellenza." (Bows; exit L.)

Don Alvarez.—"Come, friends, there's no time to be lost; lead on." (Officers fold up papers and rise from the table and exit, R.) "Come, my child, put on your accustomed bravery for justice and sweet mercy's sake, and with a countenance clear as summer's heaven, bid us Godspeed."

Lasalvarietta.—"When the heart is full of tears, the brow must needs be cloudy, yet I do bid you Godspeed, and may holy Heaven guard you."

Don Alvarez.—"There now, spoken like yourself; be of good cheer, the crisis is at hand; soon will the God of battles decide the fate of Venezuela."

Lasalvarietta.—"Heaven grant it."

Don Alvarez.—"Yes, my child, and in the name of justice, let not an arm supinely rest while Venezuela bears a foe. Farewell, my daughter" (takes her in his arms tenderly), "and may that Almighty Power that guides the arm of battle, preserve and bless you." (They walk together; exit L.; end of Act II.)

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Headquarters of the South American Army; the standard of the Liberator; tented field; arms stacked; Simon Bolivar's tent in center; he is discovered sitting beside a table writing; officers and soldiers around; grand flourish of trumpets; enter messenger, R. General Bolivar rises and comes forward; messenger saluting him.

Messenger.—"General Bolivar, allow me to announce the arrival of Don Almagro De Alvarez, with a party of Venezuelan officers and soldiers."

General Bolivar.—"Indeed! Heaven be praised; attend them in." (Exit messenger. R.) "Surely our cause must be prosperous, when Heaven sends us such noble hearts to aid us, as that glorious old patriot, and his chosen band of gallant men." (Enter messenger, R., with Don Alvarez and escort.)

Messenger.—"This way, gentlemen." (Bows and exit, R.)

General Bolivar (advancing R., takes the hand of Don Alvarez.) "Ah, my old friend, Don Almagro De Alvarez, most happy am I to meet you." (In the meantime soldiers and officers exchange salutations.)

Don Alvarez.—"God bless you, General Bolivar. I am wholly

unable to express my extreme satisfaction at seeing you, while my heart overflows with gratitude to Heaven for our safe conduct through this perilous journey."

General Bolivar.—"I am truly thankful, that you have been permitted to join us, friends most welcome; come, you are weary and need refreshment." (Rings bell, officers surround the table; General Bolivar at the back of table; Don Alvarez on the right; De Eluyer on the left; soldiers retire up the stage. Enter servant, L.) "Let us have wine?" (Servant exit, bowing.) "Don Alvarez, did you receive the message I sent you by Officer Delano?"

Don Alvarez.—"I did, and immediately dispatched a party of officers and soldiers, with those detailed by you, bearing important communications for your special consideration, and with them Captain Moulton, a young North American, whom I took the liberty to introduce by letter, as a lover of liberty, and who generously tenders his services and his life, to aid us in the cause of freedom."

General Bolivar.—"We should have been most happy to have extended to them all the courtesy that the rights of hospitality afford, and kindred sympathy in the common cause would prompt; but I regret to say, they have never arrived in camp. Have you heard nothing from them since their departure?"

Don Alvarez.—"Nothing whatever, and it has been with the utmost suspense that we have awaited the issue."

De Eluyer.—"Our minds are baffled 'twixt hope and fear, and mystery and dread." (Enter servant with wine, L., and exit, L.)

General Bolivar.—"The known ubiquity of the foe renders the problem of easy solution. We have but to gird up our hearts with the Heaven-hallowed resolve at once to rend asunder the demon-forged fetters of tyranny." (Pours wine and passes it; they quaff.)

De Eluyer.—"You are right, General; let us have immediate and uncompromising emancipation from tyranny and despotism."

General Bolivar.—"May kind Heaven look benignly on our cause, and give strength to every arm upraised for justice' sake; imbue each gallant heart with valorous fire, and set the purpose turning in the soul, to avenge the wrongs of injured innocence, and the blood of the noble and the brave, too early lost."

Udeneta.—"Certainly that sentiment must find a response in every heart, loyal to his country and his God."

Delano.—"May the inspirative fires of Heaven revivify each heart with holy zeal, and give to every blade electric power, at one swift stroke to exterminate the enemy, whose hellish ravages now desecrate our homes."

General Bolivar.—"To-morrow, then, we meet the enemy in his lair."

Delano.—"And may every blade, as with a sword of lightning, hew down the enemy's ranks, like fire in a consuming forest."

Udeneta.—"May every arm be forged with thunder, and strike

home to the enemy's heart, the deadly and decisive blow." (General Bolivar rising, they all rise, and dress the stage.)

General Bolivar.—"Venezuelans, men of Carraccas and Margaretta: We have an imperious duty before us, a great and important work to perform. Let us be known among the glorious republics of the earth. America, our sister-land, has solved the great national problem and, despite the crafty sophisms of kings and cardinals, now stands an illustrious example of freedom, triumphant over despotism, anarchy, and wrong. They were bowed down by the heavy yoke of tyranny; but the original spirit of resistance was aroused within them, and they resolved to *die* freemen, rather than *live* as slaves. Let us emulate their illustrious example and prove to the world that the happiest and most prosperous nations of the earth are a free people."

Soldiers and officers, with enthusiasm, "Amen, and amen."

Delano—"And now let us tune Apollo's lyre to freedom's cause." (All sing.)

SONG.

Let not a sword in its scabbard sleep,
While Venezuela bears a foe;
While freedom's children wail and weep,
Our country plunged in blood and woe.
No, comrades, no;
Death to the invading foe.

We'll plant our banners, wild and free,
On Andes' towering heights;
We'll set our glorious country free,
Or perish in the fight.
Then down with tyranny;
Arm, comrades, arm; arm for liberty!

Each rifted rock, and flowing stream,
Awakes the wild refrain:
Arise, and arm for freedom's sake;
The loved—the noble slain:
Then down with tyranny;
On, comrades, on; on to victory!

(Curtain falls.)

SCENE 2.

A richly ornamented room in the Mountain Castle; sofa in center; Lasalvaretta reclining, dressed in a white muslin robe; her long black hair falling in wavy masses over her shoulders, without ornament.

Lasalvaretta.—"Oh, me! how heavy is my heart, so long to wait; how wearily the hours roll by, as if borne on leaden wings. My father, oh! father, shall I ever again hear that voice syllable my name in tones of parental kindness? Shall I ever again fly to meet him at the approach of those old familiar footsteps? Perhaps never! O God, how wretched am I!" (Arises, and walks to

and fro.) "What could have become of our gallant men, those intrepid spirits? and Captain Moulton, that noble youth? What disinterested generosity he has displayed in thus tendering his services, yes, his life, in behalf of my beloved country! What self-sacrifice! and shall I be less so, than he, a stranger? Shall I stay here, and pine my life away with weary watchings, suspense and useless misery? No, no, I can not bear it" (Noise without. Lasalvarietta looks off left, expectantly. Enter Sebastian, L.)

Lasalvarietta.—"What news, Sebastian?" (Sebastian takes off his hat, and smooths his hair in an abstracted manner.)

Sebastian.—"Oh, nothing! except—"

Lasalvarietta (advancing toward him).—"What! you seem abstracted."

Sebastian.—"That's nothing strange for one who sleeps with one eye open; but as I was going to tell you, some of our people were passing along the mountain pathway this morning, and they found a young Spanish cavalier, who undoubtedly had lost his way, and was precipitated down among the rocks, and—"

Lasalvarietta.—"Is he dead?"

Sebastian.—"Well, apparently."

Lasalvarietta.—"Bring him in."

Sebastian (with surprise).—"What, entertain a minion of the foe, that would rise and slay thee; a serpent, that would sting thee with his fangs, and destroy thee with the venom of his hate; no, lady, you can not mean it."

Lasalvarietta.—"To deal generously with the fallen foe is heavenly. Let us leave some record of good deeds upon earth, that the recording angel may note down to our account in heaven."

Sebastian.—"Well, for my part, lady, I'd like to be rewarded upon earth, while I'm here, and Spanish soldiers are apt not to be very clever."

Lasalvarietta.—"In the bosom of this poor dying youth may yet be found some chord of human sympathy, vibrating to the touch of kindness. Come, Sebastian, bring him in?"

Sebastian (going off, L).—"Well, lady, as you will."

Lasalvarietta (walking to and fro).—"Who knows but what this may be a foreshadowing of future good; at least, it breaks in upon the monotony of my weary life. Possibly from this youth, I may gain some intelligence concerning the loved and lost." (Looks off, left.) "Ah, they are coming. This way, Sebastian;" (pointing to the sofa). Enter Sebastian and Lopez, L., with the youth; they place him on the sofa; he moans pitifully; *Lasalvarietta* approaches him.

Lasalvarietta.—"Poor youth! I pity thee." (The youth looks at *Lasalvarietta* with a steadfast gaze; then closes his eyes.)

Lasalvarietta.—"Sebastian, bring a little wine; Lopez, take this note to Father Angelo, and be swift, I pray you." (Exit Lopez, left; Sebastian goes up the stage to a sideboard and brings wine and

water. They bathe his temples, and give him wine; he revives; enter Father Angelo, L; Lasalvarietta advancing, takes the hand of Father Angelo. "Welcome, Father Angelo." (They advance toward the youth.) "You see here, in this suffering youth, a petitioner, not only for human mercy, but a pleading supplicant at the shrine of heaven; then oh, let the holiest benediction be pronounced that ever thy lips have uttered upon the passing soul."

Father Angelo.—"Lady, it shall be my sovereign duty to console the suffering heart during the mortal moments of the passing spirit." (Father Angelo draws near, and converses with the youth in inaudible tones.)

Father Angelo (addressing Lasalvarietta) — "He says he was pressed into the service at Valencia; holds no hostile feelings toward our people; has not the stain of human blood upon his hands in all his life."

Lasalvarietta.—"I'm glad of that; the angels will recognize such innocence in heaven. Be pleased to ask him if he should know anything of the mission." (Father Angelo confers with the cavalier.)

Father Angelo.—"He says that a party of Venezuelan officers and soldiers were captured with a North American gentleman by Officers Carranno and Zerlino, in a recent engagement in the mountains."

Lasalvarietta (clasps her hands wildly).—"Great Heaven, have mercy on them; all hope is lost."

Father Angelo.—"Be comforted, my child, there is a Providence in this, that may work out some future good."

Lasalvarietta.—"Oh, if it were but simple death, it were well; but those mortal engines of torture—the fagot and the rack; I pray you, ask him of my father."

Father Angelo.—"Lady, it is too late; he is dying." (They chafe his temples, and give him wine; he revives; looks steadfastly at Lasalvarietta; he speaks feebly.)

Cavalier.—"Sweet angel of mercy, thy home is in heaven." Cavalier dies. They all kneel round the couch; the priest in an attitude of prayer; Lasalvarietta kneels facing the audience, clasping a crucifix upon her breast. The curtain falls slowly, to low music; a chant.

SCENE 3.

A hall in the castle; old paintings, and antique decorations, arms, etc.; midnight; the castle bell tolls hour of twelve; Lasalvarietta enters, R; dress same as in the preceding scene.

Lasalvarietta.—"A supernatural gloom pervades my mind tonight. Methinks some subtle spirit of the air compels me, as by a spiritual magnetism, to the performance of some important duty; some unseen agency seems to beckon me on, whose powers I am wholly unable to resist. Why is it that I feel impressed with a dark foreshadowing of something in the future? What wonder! Dis-

tressed, and in suspense as to the position of my father, and the fate of Captain Moulton, who thus voluntarily exiles himself from his native land, and hazards his life for Venezuela, can I remain inactive, while these scenes of wretchedness and despair are being enacted in my once happy land? Can I supinely stay here, enjoying the ease of my luxuriant home, when ties, the most sacred to me upon earth, are perhaps being severed by torture and death? No, no, it must not be; my woman's arm, however weak, must and shall do something. I long to mingle in the strife of death, the cannon's roar, and the clash of steel, yet shall my heart not quail, nor my cheek blanch. I will release him who is the idol of my thoughts, and bear the intercepted intelligence to my father, or perish. (Exit Lasalvarietta, R.)

SCENE 4.

Part of Scene 2; mountain scenery; the Mountain Castle on the L. Enter two waiting maids, R.; seat themselves on a terrace; amuse themselves by arranging some flowers.

First maid.—"Did you notice our young mistress to-day? How strangely she acted!"

Second maid.—"Yes, she seems to be so taken up with some idea of her own."

First maid.—"And how careful she was of the Spanish gentleman's clothing; so careful to have every stain of blood removed. Now what in the world could she want with them?"

Second maid.—"I don't know; they'd have made me some nice jackets; I know that."

First maid.—"And that little card that I found in the vest with some Spanish words upon it, instantly she seized it and hid it in her bosom. Now what does that mean?"

Second maid.—"I don't know."

First maid.—"I do wonder what she intends to do."

Second maid.—"God only knows; she's a dear good creature, but she's not like common folks; so different from me."

First maid.—"Well, I can't understand it; but there's one thing about it, she means something."

Second maid.—"Of course she does, and we'll find it out sooner or later; so let us go in."

(They go up the stage among the shrubbery and discover Lasalvarietta standing perfectly motionless as a picture, in the dress of a Spanish cavalier.)

First maid.—"Lord have mercy on us; is not that the ghost of the dead Spaniard?"

Second maid (much frightened).—"Oh! I—I—don't know, do come along." (Exit L.)

(Lasalvarietta walks leisurely among the flowers and shrubbery, and then appears in the balcony. Seems to be admiring the scene.)

Lasalvarietta.—"How vividly and swift dear recollections crowd

upon my heart, sweet happy scenes of youth, blest moments of delight, now gone forever. Oh, beautiful land, replete with nature's charms, with what sad emotions my heart o'erflows in bidding you farewell, and you, ye glorious mountains, whose cloud-o'ertopping peaks invade the storms, and hold communion with the ethereal dwellers of the upper realm, and which to look upon in childhood filled my young heart with exultant joy, farewell! Land of the noble and the brave, home-land most dear, farewell, farewell." (Curtain falls slowly to low sweet music. End of Act III.)

ACT. IV.—SCENE 1.

Outposts of the Spanish camp; green banks and moss-grown rocks on L., woods R. Lasalvarietta enters behind the rocks on the L., dressed in the garb of a Spanish cavalier; discovers Moulton and the commissioners reclining on the green banks in chains; two sleeping guards, and one sentinel intoxicated; Lasalvarietta starts back, but, being reassured, advances unseen by the guards, and touches Captain Moulton on the shoulder. He springs to his feet, and grasps his sword.

Lasalvarietta.—"Hist! do you not know me, Captain Moulton?"

Captain Moulton.—"Know you, sir; how should I, except that you are a Spanish soldier?"

Lasalvarietta.—"A Spanish soldier in all outward seeming, but in this bosom beats a heart still true to the ties of kindred sympathy to Venezuela and to God."

Captain Moulton (looks at her scrutinizingly).—"Who art thou?"

Lasalvarietta.—"The daughter of Don Almagro De Alvarez."

Captain Moulton.—"What! Donna Lasalvarietta?"

Lasalvarietta.—"Even so."

Captain Moulton.—"Great God! here, in the enemy's fold! in the tiger's grasp, impossible! it must be some fearful dream."

Lasalvarietta.—"Captain Moulton, it is no dream; read that and you will know all." (Hands him a letter. Captain Moulton opens it hastily and peruses it in silence.)

Captain Moulton.—"You come to bear the intercepted intelligence to your father and General Bolivar. May Heaven prosper your noble purpose, and holy angels have you in their keeping." (He hands her the papers; she conceals them in her vest.)

Lasalvarietta.—"Generous youth, thou champion of freedom; friend to justice and truth, soon may the loathesome chains that load that gallant form be riven, and Venezuela saved. Oh, may the hand of that Almighty Power that decides the destiny of nations, and guides the arm of war, be lovingly outstretched to rescue thee from tyranny and death; farewell, farewell." (Moulton takes her hand as she is retiring and holds it with a fervent grasp, then presses it to his lips as if unwilling to let it go. Exit Lasalvarietta, L.)

Captain Moulton.—"Thou lily of virtue, sweet incarnation of loveliness, farewell, farewell."

Paez (arises as from a lethargic stupor).—"Did I not hear some one talking, or was it a dream in which I heard the much loved name of Venezuela?"

Captain Moulton.—"It was no dream." (Maranda and Jarardot quietly draw near.)

Paez.—"What then?"

Captain Moulton. "It would chill your blood to know; listen!" (Opens the letter and reads.)

"Captain Moulton: You will perhaps be shocked with amazement and horror at my seemingly rash undertaking. Consider the emergency of the case, surrounded by perils and the horrors of war; the insecurity of my person, distracted with suspense and dread; having learned of your capture, and knowing all communication between the mission and General Bolivar was cut off, also the departure of my father with all the officers and soldiers from the castle; in ignorance as to their fate, and believing that the dearest ties to me upon earth were being severed by torture and death, are, I am sure, sufficient inducements for this perilous adventure.

"The occurrence of the death of a young Spanish cavalier, among our mountains, furnished me with this habiliment, and a Spanish passport permitted me to pass the lines of the enemy's divisions. I come to bear the intercepted intelligence to General Bolivar. Mounted on a fleet charger I will fly upon the wings of the wind. Be of good cheer, your fetters shall be unloosed and the prisoners set free. Adieu. LASALVARIETTA."

They exclaim in amazement, "What? how?"

Captain Moulton.—"Hist."

Maranda.—"The beautiful Donna Lasalvaretta, of the Mountain Castle."

Captain Moulton.—"Hist, you, and beware how you speak that name."

Paez.—"In this wolf's den—the lair of cruelty and death."

Moulton is silent and abstracted.

Jarardot.—"Powers above preserve the brave young spirit, and crown her praiseworthy object with success."

Bugle sounds without.

Enter messenger, R., speaking to the sentinel, "Bring in the prisoners to hear the decision of our General, Don Diego De Morillo, and from which there's no appeal" (casting a sarcastic glance at the prisoners). "Perhaps it will not sound so lovely to their ears as music heard in dreams, or the low breathings of a lute in some fair lady's bower" (going off R.). "Come, haste you with the prisoners" (The sentinel advances to the sleeping guards, gives them a kick with his foot.)

Sentinel.—"Hey! hie! up here! hie, ye sleepy dogs! hie, out of this! hie, unloose the prisoners! hie, and obey the command of your General, hie!" (The sleepy guards scramble up, stretch and yawn, and proceed to unloose the prisoners. Sentinel tries to sing "Tantarana hie," etc. Exeunt omnes, R.)

SCENE 2.

The Spanish camp; Fortress Puerto Cabello in the rear; arms and mounted cannon; Morillo's pavilion in front; he is reclining on his superb couch; officers and soldiers walking or marching to and fro; bugle sounds without; enter Officers Carranno and Zerlino.

Carranno.—"My Lord, we beg leave to announce a piece of information which may prove to be a matter of interest to you."

Morillo (arising).—"Ah! speak on."

Carranno.—"Returning to camp, we met a youth in the Spanish uniform, apparently going in the direction of Margareta; the circumstances of his being alone, and so far from camp, gave rise to questions which elicited no very satisfactory answers; thinking that all was not right, we deemed it proper to inform your Lordship of the facts in the case."

Bugle sounds, L.; enter a Spanish officer, saluting Morillo.

Officer.—"My Lord, the prisoners are here."

Morillo.—"Take them to the dungeon, there to remain in solitary confinement until to-morrow's sun." Exit Officer, L. Morillo turning to Zerlino. "Is this not that young reprobate that was pressed into the service at Valencia?"

Zerlino.—"Quite likely, my Lord."

Morillo.—"Bring him in; let him give an account of himself." Exit Carranno and Zerlino.

Bugle sounds; enter officers and soldiers with Lasalvarietta, L. U. E. Officers and soldiers, R., Lasalvarietta, L. She meets the searching eye of Morillo with undaunted firmness.

Zerlino (pointing to Lasalvarietta).—"My Lord, the youth."

Morillo.—"Ah! a comely looking youth." Addressing Lasalvarietta, "In the pursuit of what strange enterprise were you so far from camp?"

Lasalvarietta.—"In the pursuit of my duty."

Morillo.—"Your duty, indeed! Do you not know that such conduct is contrary to the regulations of the Spanish army, and punishable?" Lasalvarietta is silent. "Have you any papers about you? Methinks this looks very much like desertion." Morillo attempts to search her person, Lasalvarietta starts back and produces the papers with a proud silence. "How came you in possession of these papers?" Lasalvarietta is still silent. "Who gave you these?" She maintains an inflexible silence. "Methinks such extreme youth but little becomes such insubordination" Morillo, assuming a soothing tone, "Disclose but the names of these rebels and thou shalt be rewarded with a mint of gold." Lasalvarietta looks on him with cold disdain. "What, dost thou still refuse to comply with our commands?"

Lasalvarietta.—"My Lord, I have never committed an act which has caused my cheek to burn with self-reproach; I am willing to suffer the penalty I have incurred, and surely, a brave and generous

mind will respect the motives that seal my lips and bids me rather suffer death than basely betray the confidence reposed in me. I am in your power. I throw myself upon your Lordship's clemency; surely, you will not tarnish the luster of your laurels by the sacrifice of my poor life?"

Morillo (going).—"Put him on the wheel; we will find means to humble the proud bearing of the accursed rebel." Exit through middle door of the castle Puerto Cabello.

Exit officer and soldiers with Lasalvarietta, R.

SCENE 3.

Interior of Puerto Cabello; *Morillo* walking to and fro; enter *Zerlino* and *Carranno*, R.

Morillo.—"How now with the prisoner; has he confessed the names?"

Zerlino.—"Not yet, my Lord."

Carranno.—"Ah, General, we have charming intelligence for you."

Morillo.—"How so?"

Carranno.—"Your captive is a lady."

Morillo.—"How! a lady?"

Zerlino.—"Aye; beautiful and young."

Carranno.—"Whose fine round limbs and charming face to look upon would feast thy soul and set thy Spanish heart on fire."

Morillo.—"Ha, ha, ha! *Carranno*, you grow sentimental. Pray, who is this pretty bird that we have so adroitly caught in our cage?"

Zerlino.—"The lady of the Mountain Castle, Donna Lasalvarietta."

Morillo.—"What! Daughter of Don Almagro De Alvarez?"

Carranno.—"Aye, my Lord."

Morillo.—"That old gray-headed villain; the head and front of the Venezuelan foe. Now will I tear out his heart. Men, to your duty, and I to mine." Exit *Morillo*, L, *Carranno* and *Zerlino*, R.

SCENE 4.

A dungeon; *Lasalvarietta* discovered on a pallet of straw, dressed in a dark robe, her long hair flowing over her shoulders, pale and sad looking; an ancient duenna stands near a table with refreshments; duenna approaches the pallet of straw with wine.

Duenna.—"Senora, Habla V. en Vino?"

Lasalvarietta (pushing her off).—"No, no; I want not wine. Soon I shall quaff of those celestial fountains, whose draughts afford a healing balsam for the weary soul."

Enter *Morillo*, L. U. E., through the old iron door, muttering between his teeth, "Now, that old gray-headed rebel is in my power, and he shall feel it, too" (beckons the duenna away). "Go you away." (*Duenna* exit through iron door.)

Morillo, L. (assuming the most courteous manner).—"Lady, in jus-

tice to myself, I must say that I truly regret the stern policy which has caused you so much suffering."

Lasalvarietta.—"And to whom do I owe it?"

Morillo.—"Believe me, gentle lady, had I known your name and rank, I should not have ordered the execution of what I considered my duty; but I now hasten to make ample amends, by offering you the fullest pardon, on condition that you accept the friendship and protection of one who is captivated with your peerless beauty; surely, those delicate limbs would find a much softer repose upon the couch of Morillo, whose flowing drapery richly vies with the rainbow's varied hues, than upon that squalid bed of straw.

Lasalvarietta (indignantly).—"Thou dost not know me; thou dost not know that I would sooner have these limbs loaded with chains and be forever incarcerated in these walls of stone, than to have my life and liberty purchased at such a price."

Morillo (strides across in chagrin).—"And dost thou reject my proffered friendship? Suffer me to hope that you will not lightly cast it away?"

Lasalvarietta (turning her eyes upon him in utter loathing).—"Thee and thy offered friendship I condemn, defy. I tell thee, tyrant, the most loathsome reptile that ever crept upon the earth I would sooner clasp to my breast, than have my name joined to thine in that word."

Morillo.—"Recollect, it was in the service of my king that I gave the order for thy punishment as a traitor; yet, even now, thy intrepid heroism commands my respect."

Lasalvarietta.—"Is it in the service of your king that you have desolated the fairest provinces under heaven, by cold-blooded butchery, by fire and sword?"

Morillo.—"Modify your anger, lady; I scarcely think that an exhibition of it will, in any degree, enhance your matchless beauty." (Offers to take her hand; she recoils from him.)

Lasalvarietta.—"Touch me not, I conjure you. Alas! has this dungeon too many comforts that you would diminish them by your hated presence?"

Morillo (seeming not to notice this remark).—"Lady, allow me to protest my sincere desire for your welfare and happiness."

Lasalvarietta.—"Tell this to those who know thee not, who know not what thy acts have been; but not to me, who knows, full well, how thy laurels have been won."

Morillo.—"Beware! I am not famed for clemency; recollect that you are in my power."

Lasalvarietta.—"I—in thy power—you may incarcerate me in a living tomb, may mutilate these limbs, still is my spirit free as the boundless winds that play around the summit of my native Andes, and is beyond thy power." She sinks upon her couch.

Morillo.—"Haughty rebel, not only thy life but the life of thy

father is forfeited by this obstinacy." Morillo strides across the stage from R. to L. "Jesu Marie, she shall feel my vengeance before to-morrow's setting sun or I am not Don Diego De Morillo." Morillo exit through iron door. Lasavarietta kneels on her pallet and presses a crucifix to her breast.

Lasavarietta.—"O Mother of sorrows, I come to thee, thou who didst endure anguish and tribulation upon earth, comfort and support thy suffering child, in this hour of dreadful agony." Sinks upon her couch. Curtain falls.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

The encampment of the Spanish army; the old fortress in the rear dimly lighted; midnight; all calm and still; low mutterings of distant thunder.

Enter Morillo, from the fortress, followed by some half dozen soldiers, looking haggard and cadaverous. Lasalvarietta, attended by a subordinate officer; she is dressed in a white robe, her long black hair falling over her shoulders; she looks pale, calm and collected; presses a crucifix to her breast, and steps upon a moss-grown terrace in center.

Lasalvarietta.—"Soldiers and men! how long will you do the bidding of this lawless man? How long will you be the servile dupes of this wicked tyrant? This night I die a martyr to my country; although ye may hush my spirit in eternal sleep, still will my blood cry for vengeance. I shall have accelerated the liberation of my country more than the longest life, had it been allotted me, could have achieved, while every mountain and valley will send forth their patriots to avenge my death" (ever and anon distant thunder). "I die satisfied, and as I am convinced that I would not have served my country so successfully as in this way. Heaven has given me a presentiment that the enemies of this devoted land are about to feel the retributive arm of justice fall upon their heads." Thunder more violent; the bell of the fortress ringing violently, responded to by all the bells of the neighborhood.

Morillo.—"Stop that prating woman." Suddenly cries of dismay, thunder, lightning, confused sounds of tumult and horror without. Morillo addressing the subordinate officer: "Draw up your men and perform your duty." A loud crash of thunder, rocks rent in twain. Sub-officer attempts to remonstrate with Morillo, but from the huskiness of his voice the words die away upon his lips.

Officer.—"General Morillo, I pray you" (a sharp crash of thunder, bell rings violently, earthquake with mingled sounds of dismay and gloom).

Morillo.—"Cowardly poltroons, why stand ye thus in willful and stupid silence. Depend upon it ye shall suffer the penalty of the rack for this insubordination. This instant obey, or by the Holy Virgin, I will send you to the infernal pit howling."

Lasalvarietta kneels down pressing the crucifix to her heart, the frightened soldiers shut their eyes and fire; she falls upon the terrace; the subordinate officer steps forward to lift her up, when suddenly the roar of cannon bursts upon their ears, and the cry "To arms! to arms!" with shouts and savage yells; while despair and consternation is depicted in every countenance; soldiers rushing to and fro, only thinking of personal safety.

Morillo.—"The foe! the foe! Arm, my brave boys! Rally all your strength! Acquit yourself nobly and honor the sovereignty of your king!" (Cannon.)

Enter from the fortress, in breathless haste, a messenger.

Messenger.—"My Lord, the foe, under cover of the night, have advanced upon us, forced the guards at the prison doors, and set the prisoners free."

Morillo (shouting at the top of his voice).—"Demons and blood! has the Spanish heart lost its fire? Spaniards, you know your duty better (rushes about the stage, vainly endeavoring to rally his men). Shameless cowards, have you no courage, thus to be vanquished by untutored savages? Confusion and death! I could tear out my heart-strings." (Calls) "Zerlino! Carranno!" (and rushes off R. U. E.)

Enter Zerlino and Paez, in combat, L. U. E., followed by Carranno and Captain Moulton. Zerlino and Carranno fall. Enter Don Alvarez, L. U. E., discovers Lasalvarietta, lifts her up, looks at her, holds her in his arms; with a convulsive heaving of the breast, exclaims, in a voice of anguish: "My beautiful Lasalvarietta, my mountain dahlia; they have murdered thee." At this moment Moulton rushes up, and in a voice of mingled grief and anger, exclaims: "A thousand curses upon thy murderers." Takes her in his arms and bears her off, L.

Don Alvarez (with the phrensy of despair, shouts) —"Revenge! revenge for the murdered Lasalvarietta, the martyr of liberty!"

Venezuelans rush upon the stage with shouts, "We will revenge her or die." They meet the flying soldiers of Morillo, fighting with desperation, while the cry, "Lasalvarietta, the martyr of liberty," is echoed from rank to rank.

Morillo rushes in, in breathless haste, R. U. E. Don Alvarez discovers him, cuts his way through the ranks to him, and with the fury of a wounded lion, exclaims: "Die, thou infernal dog! execrable tyrant!"

Morillo (rushes at him).—"Ah! thou old gray-headed villain! now I have you in my grasp; on your knees and beg for mercy, or I'll sever your heart-strings in an instant."

Don Alvarez (rushing upon Morillo).—"Fiend of blood! back to your native hell, in whose fires thy soul shall expiate its crimes, in howling, hideous and eternal death." Stabs Morillo, who drops his sword and clutches his wound.

Morillo.—"Accursed rebel! O hades, I'm slain! Revenge is sweet—thy daughter—ha, ha, ha" (dies).

Don Alvarez staggers with mortal wounds. Maranda, De Eluyer, Jarardot and others, who have been engaged in the fearful strife, discover him, support him, and bear him off the stage. The Venezuelans beat back the Spaniards. In the midst of the terrible din of cannon, earthquake and furious contest, with shouts of "Victory, the tyrant is slain!" until the stage is left a silent scene of death. Curtain falls to mournful music.

SCENE 2.

An apartment in the Mountain Castle; splendid catafalque of Don Alvarez on the right, and Lasalvarietta on the left. Enter Moulton in mourning, first door L.; goes to Don Alvarez and lifts the curtain, looks in.

Captain Moulton.—"How glorious is the sleep of the noble dead. Thou brave old veteran, thy rest is perfect; time shall bear the record of thy heroic deeds, whose luster shall outshine the stars, and cast a living halo 'round thy name forever. Farewell; peace to thy soul." (Moulton puts down the curtain and turns to Lasalvarietta.) "And may I dare approach the sacred presence of this hallowed form? (Lifts the curtain.) Pure as the virgin icicle, virtue's sweet impersonation; truth and justice are made beautiful in thee; oh, matchless loveliness of earth, made heavenly in death, martyr of freedom, and but to save thee I would have made of this poor life a willing sacrifice." (Moulton is much affected.) "Sleep on, sweet angel, my heart goes with thee. Farewell, farewell." Puts down the curtain and slowly retires. Curtain falls slowly; low music.

SCENE 3.

Rural scenery; grand funeral procession of Don Alvarez and his daughter; pall-bearers; priests; officers; soldiers; civilians, and people of the castle; arms inverted; flags and banners draped; solemn music, a tedium.

SCENE 4.

Scenery about the Mountain Castle.

Captain Moulton reclining on a rustic seat in the arbor, where he first met Lasalvarietta; he sleeps; his dream, a beautiful vision of Lasalvarietta in heaven. She is discovered in a volume of fleecy clouds, in the ethereal blue; a bright halo round her head; her long-flowing hair falling over her snow-white vestments; wings tipped with silver; one hand extended toward Captain Moulton, the other pointing upward; accompanied by strains of low sweet music. Captain Moulton gradually awakes, and looks about him, as the vision slowly disappears; comes down, R.

Captain Moulton.—"Methinks some heavenly presence has infused my dreams with a strange delight. I slept, and in that sleep sweet

visions came of happiness and heaven. I saw her, she whom my soul holds dear, clothed in aroal robes; her fair brows crowned with heavenly halos, and beckoning me to heaven. Into the depths of those dear eyes, so innocent, so spiritually bright, I gazed until my soul was ravished with delight, and then I woke to look upon the cold gray sky of common life. My heart grows sick, I must away, and in the scenes of childhood's home, seek to ameliorate the sorrows of a stricken heart. Adieu, sweet Venezulean shades, while recollections of mingled joy and grief will cluster round your memory." (Exit R.)

SCENE 5.

Grand illumination and rejoicing; citizens passing to and fro; groups of children dancing, waltzing, hops, polkas, with tambourines, bells, triangles, etc. Great merriment among the juveniles; flags and banners floating at every point; soldiers marching; drums and bugles; cannonading, with rejoicing and shouts of "Victory! Venezuela forever, our country is free!" To finish with a grand procession of officers, soldiers, and citizens, with grand military music. Much cheering, they dress the stage, little children and ladies in front, and sing

"VENEZUELA IS FREE."

Re-sound the glad echoes,
From mountain to plain;
The oppressor is vanquished,
The tyrant is slain.
Victory, victory;
Shout, freemen, shout, our country is free!

Join the glad chorus,
With trumpet and drum,
Fair freedom triumphant,
The war-god is dumb.
Liberty, liberty;
Shout, freemen, shout, Venezuela is free!

Curtain falls. End.

This play not to be represented upon the stage of any theater, without the consent of the author. Parties so doing, shall be held responsible, and liable to a fine of not less than five thousand dollars. Therefore they are respectfully requested to negotiate terms, for its rendition, which shall be reasonable and satisfactory.

THE AUTHOR.

Oxford, O.





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